

which has been damaged by rain, in some sections very little has yet been put into the ground. There was a considerable frost Thursday and Friday.

OREGON.

The damage was done to the prospects for a large fruit crop is much better than the cherry crop, especially at The latest wheat prospect is very one who travel. Matilla county, says in the indications in a very beautiful county, being to a very doubtless the fruit crop will be a fairly large crop. The paper: Some of the valley have already begun to plant the next crop in place for their next correspondence paper. Spring has come at the prospects for a large wheat crop.

Empire, N. Y. The paper is the best on Little river is the best. There will be a new one. There will be a new one.

Jackson, N. Y. The paper is the best on Little river is the best. There will be a new one. There will be a new one.

The Jackson County sheep shearing is now progressing and the yield will be large and of excellent quality.

George Jackson, one of the men who was shot, said he was successful in running from the hand and stick police.

In Chicago, street vendors have been allowed to continue to sell their wares for the first time in years since the city was hit by the rioting and looting.

The cops are looking for the men who shot the police officers and are going to have a party when the first of the guilty are caught.

A large number of the fruit and vegetable stands have been closed, and a person in the center of the market is selling the produce, mostly unripe, says a friend.

After about 10 days, Martin Luther King said, "I am not going to let the Negroes go back to the old life under the old rules."

rapidly improving, says the Klamath Star. The rain and snow and cold winds on Tues-

plumant harvest with the
Mikha *Exotic*. Many
as for as grapes concerned,
the local ones are promising.

In Sherrill, of Hines river
the of the Palms *Timote-Mon*
great crop in that vicinity is
large. A few trees are in flower
farm, but very many are killed.

Rosening *Patience* and
Round Prairie, we to town St.
It is very unjust for any one to
the effect that frost has in it
the fruit crop of the Empire.

We have been watching a
Page County, the fruit crop was
lost it should be in an abundance
of it. It is true that there is an abundance
of it in the country, but
wells that there will be a heavy
Ashland Thellings: W. H.

Campbell and R. M. Day as delegates to the U. O. F. grand lodge.

[illegible]

ies wide and about sixteen long. Now fau-
ces are constantly coming in and taking up

A Butte Creek correspondent, Situation Report says, "farming is slow. The late frost has ruined the fruit crop at this place. And it will be some time before the farmers will be sowing the spring crops. The winter has been the driest during the month of April in a century in farm work, and in a place where the ground is naturally so sandy any grain has to be fertilized with the best of the late crops, and should the winter be so dry again, it would be a disaster."

used Powder river to rise rapidly. The overflow of the river will be of vast benefit to the ranchmen in the valley, and just as the

OK, but such late sown grain
harvest, especially if the rains
do fall in which case it will
be late. We believe it will be
winter oats, which we are
good yield, and are not easily w

Esouville and Medford. The poles have already been purchased and the batteries, etc., ordered from Portland, so that it will not be

the quality paper. The water is pumped from the summit of La Grange, through a main line cut. About forty thousand gallons are pumped daily.

According to the *Watkins Lake Standard*, following is a description of the dam: "Last night's frost, 220 feet high; West side, 220 feet broad; top, 10 feet."

Eugene city papers have been putting out a good deal of news from the dam. It will build a water tank, water to feed the same for the mills.

Two hundred salmon are expected from Portland in a few days in the form of a gift. Work will continue to the 15th of September.

Empire City more than 12,000 times. He was on the Juno eight months, four years on

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eo. Hunt, the railroad contractor, has signed all his contracts on the Cascade branch.

[illegible]

printer, who was bleeding to death, because
had no money.

SPAPER ARCHIVE®

AN AFFECTIONATE.
"Was in the garden chatting
And the moonlight
Shine with her soft tanning
I with her
I still can see her fingers
Full of life and glad
With her little hands
To view her face a poet.
A happy dream glancing
Upon her face and hair
So every look to dancing
And every smile to laughing
And every look to laughing
And every smile to laughing
I could not help you see
But sleep and kiss her soft
Behind the apple tree.
Strange that some poet forever
Should make a poem of this
Through conscious love never
Yet won so sweet a kiss
Alas! that I should never
So gracefully she bore
I could not help you see
But sleep and kiss her soft
Behind the apple tree.

JACK TORREY'S HANDWRITING.

BY G. S. ADAMS.
[Written for the Oregonian.]

The feud between the Torreyes and the Hinkleys was of such ancient date that the oldest inhabitant could tell little or nothing of its origin. It is said to have been through successive generations, and still maintained a healthy degree of bitterness. It was, after a fashion, the peculiar property of the little southern village of Polkville, into most of the affairs and gossip of which it entered as a more or less prominent factor. The inhabitants of the place were divided into two factions, the one espousing the cause of the Torreyes and the other the cause of the Hinkleys. This was partisanism, however, for in all other respects the people of Polkville were united and harmonious as the average of humanity. But the feud was their pet. They fostered it, nourished it, and it seemed in it. Consequently there was a feeling of injury and a feeling of indignation throughout Polkville when it was known that Jack Torrey was passing secret. Not assiduous attention to pretty Susie Hinkley. To be sure, Jack Torrey was generally conceded to be the most likely member of his family, while Susie's beauty and goodness were known for miles around; but tradition must be respected, and for these two young upstarts to fall in love with each other was an affront to the proprieties not to be tolerated.

So Jack found the cold shoulder of many of his friends turned toward him, while Susie was not spared abundant evidences of disapprobation.

How the two families directly involved took the matter shall be seen.

Jack's father and mother had been dead for some years, and Jack lived in the old homestead with the family of his uncle, whose name was Nathan Torrey. Jack and his uncle were in the library one summer evening, holding an animated discussion.

"Do you think I am going to allow you to disgrace us all by marrying a Hinkley?" demanded Nathan Torrey.

"Just what I intend to do," replied Jack. "I will not allow, uncle, and we can talk together. You must assume the right to dictate to me."

"But I do assume it, and shall exercise it. I forbid you ever speaking to that Hinkley hussy."

"And I forbid your speaking of Susie Hinkley to any other than respectful terms!" Jack spoke with heat and decision. He had a well knit face, a manly nose and bright, honest eyes, from which just now dark glances shot. He was walking about the room.

"His uncle, whose sharp features were a look of angry determination, was seated in an arm chair. He glanced wrathfully at the young man.

"Nothing can be more ridiculous," continued Jack, "than to keep up this absurd quarrel forever. What is there to fight about?"

"What is there to fight about, you young renegade! If your poor father could see you ask that question he would rise up out of his grave."

"Nonsense, my father was against the Hinkleys because his father had some trouble with them. But it doesn't follow that all future generations are in duty bound to keep up the fight."

"Yes, it does."

"Besides, I think we have been in the wrong."

"What do you mean?" demanded Nathan Torrey in a tone of rage and with a look of horror.

"I mean that I have been looking over some old papers, and have come to the conclusion that my grandfather obtained an unjust advantage over the Hinkleys years ago."

"You impudent boy, how dare you say that?"

"Now don't try to tell me, uncle. We have prospered, and the Hinkleys haven't. You will admit that."

"Of course I will. Curse them, they don't deserve to prosper. They shan't prosper if I can help it."

"I don't doubt your disposition to do them all the injury you can, but it is outlandish to keep the old feud boiling, and I for one should be glad to see the end of it."

"Of course you would, you moonstruck blackhead."

"And to cut a long matter short, I am going to marry Susie Hinkley if she will have me."

"Oh, you poltroon! Where is your spirit? Where is your family pride?"

Nathan Torrey rose and paced the room in a paroxysm of rage.

"I ought to bore you up," he added, "I believe you had better try it, suggested Jack. His face was pale, but his eyes were a light in his eyes and a movement about the muscles of his mouth that an acute physiognomist would have regarded as danger signals.

But Nathan Torrey was never known to pay the least heed to a danger signal.

"So you would marry that designing, low-minded representative of a disreputable family, would you?" he hissed, raising at Jack, setting him by the throat and grilling him a stinging blow on the side of the face.

"Now Jack would not have been a Torrey had he heard the insult to his sweetheart and received the blow in peaceful submission. So he hit his uncle here a right-handed square, and the latter staggered and fell. Then he pulled his wife together and said:

"I beg your pardon, uncle, but you ought to have known better than to strike me. I stay here I am afraid we will fight. So I go."

He rushed from the room and left the house.

It was a bright moonlight night, full of peace and quiet. Jack took a path across a field, and dropping into a slow walk, endeavored to calm his perturbed state of mind.

The course of Jack's wandering soon brought him in sight of the Hinkley mansion, the home of the girl whom he loved, but whom the family quarrel threatened to separate forever.

Approaching nearer, he passed by a hedge, crossed a lawn, and entered a vine-covered arbor that stood a hundred yards or so from the house.

He flung himself on a seat and gave himself up to ruminations. The quarrel with his uncle was a serious affair, and would interfere for some time with the consummation of his dearest desire.

Besides, Nathan Torrey had absolute control of the property, and it was in his power to throw Jack on the world poor and without resources should the latter persist in his intentions regarding Susie Hinkley.

Jack was reflecting bitterly on the difficulties that surrounded him, when a rustling in the shrubbery caused him to look up. Susie herself stood before him.

"Ah, my sweet girl!" exclaimed Jack,

taking her by the hand and drawing her closer to him.

"I saw you coming across the fields, in the moonlight, and thought I would run out and talk to you a minute," said Susie. "Are you going to stay?"

"Glad!" There was more of protestation in Jack's tone than he could have put into the most eloquent words. For a moment he was supremely happy. Then the former bitter train of thought returned.

"I can't understand why fate should be so against me, Susie," he said. "My uncle and I have just had an awful row; we came to blows."

"Oh, Jack! You struck each other! How dreadful!"

"Dreadful or not, the thing has been done and can't be undone. It makes matters worse for me, and you and I must cut loose from the old policy of never getting out of each other's hair."

Susie retained the pressure of his hand and sighed convulsively.

"I'm wicked and unreasonable," continued Jack, in energetic tones. "That this old feud should be allowed to stand between us. For us to suffer for the bickering and quarrels of our ancestors is both cruel and unjust."

"So it is, Jack."

"I can't defy them all. I am young and strong, and willing to face the world."

"You can begin by facing me!"

This interruption came in a harsh, imperious tone. Susie and Jack sprang to their feet.

Dorman Hinkley, Susie's brother, stood close by them, and his horse, which he had just dismounted, was cropping the grass near by. The soft turf had rendered the approach of footsteps audible.

"Ah, that boy for Hinkley!" exclaimed Jack. "Well, I am ready to face you or anybody else."

Dorman Hinkley was tall, dark, splendidly formed, and full of hot southern blood. In his face the old feud burned and raged, and found an earnest and active, for of late the Hinkleys had been, in certain matters of litigation, in a measure under the heel of Nathan Torrey.

"What do you mean, you sneak, by prowling around in the dark to meet my sister?"

"I am not sneak, and you know it," replied Jack. "I love your sister earnestly and honorably, and."

"Don't talk such nonsense to me. There's no such thing as an honorable love in the head of a Torrey. Get off these premises!"

"I'll not go until I have had my say. Let us have a little talk about this. I have a few things to say to you."

"Did it ever strike you?" asked Dorman Hinkley, sweeping his riding whip with a sharp blow across Jack's cheek.

Jack seized the whip, and with a quick wrist movement brought it down on his uncle's head. He had just done so, and he was raising it above his head, but thinking of Susie controlled himself and lunged it behind him on the grass.

The two young men glared at each other, while Susie stood on either side paralyzed with terror.

"You don't leave, I say!"

Jack made no movement to obey, and in another instant Dorman Hinkley was rushing upon him with a long knife, whose blade gleamed in the moonlight. Jack sprang back, but not in time to avoid a blow on the shoulder. The attack was renewed, and Jack, seeing that his antagonist was in a frenzy of rage, seized a stout stick lying on the ground and fought a true battle.

With it he struck Dorman Hinkley on the breast, and with a swift motion dealt Dorman Hinkley a heavy blow on the temple.

The latter staggered, fell, and lay motionless. Jack dropped the stick and stared at him in a state of amazement.

"Oh, Jack, you have killed him!" moaned Susie. "Go! Fly! Do not be found here! It is all over now. We can never marry. Speak to me, Dor!" and she bent over the form of her brother.

"Go! Go! Go!" repeated as Jack lingered. "Do not remain here a minute. What want you have done! Oh, Jack! Oh, Dor!"

Jack stood a moment like one petrified. Then, he turned himself with remorse, despair and grief, and he fled from the spot with brain whirling wildly and senses scattered to the four winds.

III.

Polkville thereabout saw no more of Jack Torrey. It was learned months afterwards that he had gone north and enlisted in the army, and that these events happened during the war.

Nathan Torrey continued meanwhile to wage war on the Hinkleys, and finally succeeded in reducing them to poverty. Then Dor came home with his breast torn open by a bullet, and died a few days later, after suffering dreadfully. His father, borne down by misfortune and defeat, soon died farewell to his earthly home.

Susie was left alone in the world. After the death of her first prostration of grief, she went to reside with her mother, who procured employment for her as a music teacher. This supported her, and she thrived bravely along his pathway.

In Polkville the succeeding three years were uneventful.

After the close of the war there came the intelligence that Jack Torrey was living in New York, wealthy but dangerously ill. Upon hearing this Nathan Torrey made a trip to the metropolis, and, following, bringing confirmation of the fact, returned close upon this came the news of Jack's death.

It soon transpired that he had an estate in realty to the value of a thousand dollars, which, in a free and reasonable way, he had invested in a new mining enterprise. The venture proved a fortunate one, however, and the thousand dollars grew to twenty thousand. The whole amount was left to Susie Hinkley by her father's will. Following the latter's death, Jack had made just before he died a great battle in which his regiment had taken part.

The bestest was made, said Jack Torrey's will, "in pursuance of my desire to leave a comfortable home and a good education for certain young ladies, and the family of Robert Hinkley at the hands of Nathan Torrey and others on account of the unreasonable and unjust perpetration of an old feud between the two families."

"Good!" cried the lawyer Briggs. "This will be a boon to Susie Hinkley. Her health has failed, and she is having a struggle almost for her very existence. Jack's will, in view of the past, is right and just."

But Nathan Torrey now came forward with another and a later will, in which he was made the sole legatee of Jack's property. It was dated but a few weeks before Jack's death.

"Looks like good old Jack," he said, "that Jack would go back on his old uncle and give all his money to that Hinkley hussy! No, sir, it is absurd. The last will is all right. The signature is Jack's to a T. I will not let that Hinkley hussy get a penny of it. I tell you they can't beat me!"

Thus in an ostentatious and jubilant manner he made his boasts loudly throughout the town.

But later had a friend in Lemuel Briggs, a sharp lawyer of Polkville, for the same reason, although he distrusted Nathan Torrey, held his peace. But he made the cause of Susie Hinkley his own, and went to New York to consult a brother in the profession. The result was that certain inquiries and investigations were set on foot, with what consequences shall soon appear.

When the time for proving the will came, the interested parties proceeded to New York.

In a room adjoining the surrogate's office were Nathan Torrey, lawyer Briggs, and two or three others. The surrogate had just arrived, and official proceedings would begin for the will on an hour.

Lawyer Briggs lay on the table to arrest the attention of all present.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I indulge in the hope that it is yet possible for this affair to be concluded in an amicable manner. If,

will be unpleasant in more senses than one to enter into a legal contest. Mr. Torrey, do you persist in offering this later will for probate?"

"No, I persist in it. Why, certainly."

"There is yet time for you to withdraw."

"What do you mean? What do you take me for?"

"I will not answer your latter question at present. But I mean that there is yet time for you to throw into the fire the clever forgery that you hold in your hand."

"Forgery! Is this a game of bluff? You evidently don't know whom you are dealing with."

"And Nathan Torrey settled himself back in his chair with a look of defiance and determination.

"Mr. Torrey," said lawyer Briggs, "you are an old neighbor of mine and I should dislike to see you put your name to a forgery. Do you mean to insult me?"

"Hence I beseech you to withdraw from this contest. The forged will which you—"

"Forged will!" cried Nathan Torrey. Look at the signature, look at Jack's handwriting! Compare it with the old will made three years ago. Do you detect any difference?"

The speaker was livid with anger, and yet he stared at lawyer Briggs with an intense feeling of incredulity.

"It is a skillful piece of work," said Mr. Briggs calmly, "and well calculated to deceive even the eye of an expert. But what you have relied on for your strength is your own weakness. I see I am before you to the point at once. I will have the old will, and you shall have the new one."

"A well dressed, gentlemanly appearing man stepped forward.

"Ah, that is the man who sold the diamonds!" cried Nathan Torrey, looking at the man who had just stepped forward.

"I am A. S. A.," said the man, "and I have been living in Polkville."

"Where you familiar with his handwriting?"

"Perfectly. He deposited in our bank, and I have seen his signature scores of times."

"Mr. Torrey, will you exhibit the will which you intend for probate?"

"I cannot," said Nathan Torrey, in a confident tone, unfolding the document and spreading it out before the cashier.

"Now, Mr. A. S. A.," said lawyer Briggs, "show does the signature to this will compare to that of the late Jack Torrey?"

"It is not the slightest resemblance between them," replied the cashier, promptly.

"He knows him well."

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 Sweeney leaves Portland at A. M., Monday, Wed-
 nesday and Friday, for Dayton and Troy, Oreg.
 Sweeney leaves Dayton and Troy, Oreg., Thurs-
 day and Saturday. Corvallis leaves Portland
 at A. M., Monday and Thursday. Astoria, arrive
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Trains between Corvallis and San Francisco:	
Portland, Calif. \$14 (full fare)	Stearns ... \$9.35
O.A. & L. trains connect at Albany	
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New Tacoma City, 10:00 A. M. connecting with Ore. Coast
all points on Puget Sound.
CHAS. B. FARR, Gen. Pass. Agent, 10 Front
St. Portland, Ore.
No. 2 Washington St., Tacoma

